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think much of ... theless, th... a little over... boasted of invulnerable "global rockets" dangling over the United States like a monstrous sword of Damocles. And they pave the way for further agreements.

These developments come when American policy is subjected to more setbacks than successes in Europe, Asia and Latin America. That makes progress in unfreezing the cold war doubly welcome to us, just as it must be to a Kremlin beset by hate waves from Peking. The Kennedy-Gromyko meeting should be a moment of basic clarification, determining what additional progress can be made. The Big Three Foreign Ministers have debated the issues involved, but without achieving a meaningful meeting of minds.

Up to now the impenetrability of generals, except on peripheral issues, has stemmed primarily from the irreconcilability of Soviet and Western views on a solution for the central problem of Germany's disunity, there is no second basis for hoping that the Russians are yet prepared to enter into an area of accommodation that could be acceptable to the free world on this issue. This still leaves open the possibility of agreements against the proliferation of nuclear arms; on further progress toward disarmament and the reduction of military budgets, and even on Cuba.

These questions are to be explored in further talks through various channels. For as long as the real Soviet mood remains uncertain, the West must keep up its guard. That is why the United States continues to spend billions for defense and to strengthen our alliances by all available means, including a multilateral Polaris fleet for NATO. A strong Atlantic alliance is not only the main guardian of our peace and security but also a potent spur to Moscow to join us in the search for real peace.

State Within a State?

Is the Central Intelligence Agency a state within a state?

President Kennedy's recall of the head of C.I.A. operations in South Vietnam, coming after persistent reports of discord between him and Ambassador Lodge, appears to provide substantive corroboration to the long-voiced charges that our intelligence organization too often tends to "make" policy.

The C.I.A. is a large and, on the whole, well-organized intelligence apparatus, which knows and employs all the tricks of the trade. But it not only gathers intelligence: it "operates" saboteurs, guerrillas and other paramilitary forces. And its operations—particularly if they are not carefully programmed, controlled and directed—tend willy-nilly to influence policy, if not to make it.

The agency has many extremely able men. But it operates behind the cloak of anonymity and secrecy—and secrecy adds to power. When the same organization collects intelligence and evaluates it, and, at the same time, conducts clandestine operations—and when that organization is as powerful and as well financed as the C.I.A.—there is an inevitable tendency for some of its personnel to assume the functions of king-makers.

Communist imperialism and the exigencies of the nuclear age have brought us once away—whether we like it or not—from the era of 1929, when Secretary of State Stimson closed the nation's only code-breaking organization with the remark that "gentlemen do not read each other's mail." Today we must read the other fellow's mail if we want to survive.

But the C.I.A., like the F.B.I., has gone too long without adequate Congressional accountability. A Joint Congressional Committee on Intelligence, so long urged but so often frustrated by Congressional pride of place and petty jealousies, should be established to monitor our intelligence services, to safeguard their security and to reduce the C.I.A.'s secret espionage and covert operations' pursuit to a free society.

Violence in Saigon

Almost immediately after Secretary McNamara left South Vietnam with an optimistic report on the war against the Communists, the continued conflict between President Diem's regime and the Buddhists and other opposition elements has exploded into new turmoil. Another Buddhist monk, the sixth since June, has burned himself to death to protest the regime's repressive policies and new student demonstrations have erupted to the same purpose.

The police of President Diem's brother Nhu, who ousted the Buddhist pagodas, are now turning to violence against American press correspondents. Three who had witnessed the monk's suicide were beaten by plainclothes men and one had to be hospitalized. Among the three was our own correspondent, David Halberstam, whose reasonableness and courage in reporting the facts about both the war and the internal situation has earned him the respect of all fair-minded Vietnamese.

Mr. Halberstam has been the victim of a campaign of vilification by Saigon officials, who have charged him with "unfair reporting" and "bias." Actually, he has been scrupulously fair. He has reported the Government's military successes as well as its failures. He has described the Buddhist grievances against the Diem regime's discrimination and repression. He has reported the Buddhist charges that the Government's military operations have caused civilian casualties, but he has also reported the Government's denials.

Mr. Halberstam's reporting has been accurate and objective. The Government's charges against him are false and unjust. We hope that Ambassador Lodge will see to it that the Government ceases its campaign of harassment against him and other reporters who are trying to do their jobs honestly and objectively.

'Finished With All Engines'

On the bridge of the ghost liner America, the engineer-room indicator is frozen on the signal, "Finished With All Engines." The nation's second largest passenger ship lies in dead storage at a Hoboken pier, immobilized by insoluble international rivalry. Unless a second arbitrator can succeed this week in effecting peace, it is unlikely to sail again under the flag of the United States Lines.

From Ottawa comes equally gloomy news of the apparent collapse of efforts to effect an amicable settlement of the union feud that is tying up Great Lakes shipping and poisoning relations between this country and Canada. Prime Minister Pearson has told Parliament that no hope is left for a voluntary accord through direct union action. As a result Canada is proceeding with plans for legislation to put all the warring maritime unions under Government trusteeship.

These evidences of the extent to which labor freedom, the effectiveness of the merchant marine and even the stability of our international relations are being torpedoed by the reckless combat among brother unions in this vital industry lend urgency to the success of the efforts George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., is currently making to provide civilized procedures for ending these costly internecine feuds. If he cannot succeed, the inevitable and necessary recourse will be to coercive action by Government.

The Clocks Run Down

To warm-blooded creatures, such as people, the crisp, cool days of autumn are invigorating. The step quickens, the eye brightens and life takes on new vigor. But to the cold-blooded ones, such as insects, who are at the mercy of the sun rather than their own inner fires for life and energy, time begins to run out when nights turn frosty. With the short days, their clocks begin to run down.

You hear it in the evening, in the slow tempo of the stridulant ones, the katydids and the crickets that were so insistent only a few weeks ago. Now their chorus diminishes. When they sing at all it is with the deliberate tempo of a weary fiddler slowly drawing a worn bow across the fraying strings.

You see it in the morning, before a late sun has warmed the day. The bumblebee that caught heaven in a honeysuckle blossom already set to warm his limbs and renew his sluggish vitality before sending a belated breakfast. You watch a slowly lumbering beetle, arthritic with the cold, encounter his counterpart, the withering garden worm. The beetle lunges and is a conqueror, the worm is ensnared, immobile and the executioner has no hope of more than one meal.

Briefly, when the sun has warmed itself by early afternoon, life is climax-ridden. For a few hours flies hum, ants hurry and baby goats dance like lively notes in the mild air. Then evening comes and the hum, the hurry and the dancing are at an end. We, warm-blooded and unprotected by the season, welcome the change and even celebrate it. But the cold-blooded, children of summer, the insect heroes, have had their day in the sun.

One Who Nipped

Quest realizes for the first time that much of the difficulty of keeping a servant lies in the fact that people like Opal now lead more diversified lives than their mothers did. Opal was pleasant and a good worker, but she announced her forthcoming departure one day simply by saying she was tired of housework and wanted the warm and silver-rubbing stimulus of working with other girls in a store.

Agency girls come and went in the Quest household. There was Arlene, who was slow, and Jeanne, who nipped at the Quest vodka bottle until she fell in the fancy one night just before dinner. But many of the young women from the agencies were very good—almost any one of them might have been the Family Retainer for whom Mrs. Quest's heart longed.

Pining for Philadelphia

These agency girls who were the least likely to step forward as the Family Retainer were often the most remarkable. There was Elena, a button-bright girl from Trinidad. She was taking her M.A. at Columbia and prepared hors d'oeuvres beautifully. There was the smart and amiable Greek, who could finish The Times daily crossword puzzle faster than Mrs. Quest, but who got homesick for Jamaica. And there was Helen, who pined to return to Philadelphia. None seemed ever to look the means to go wherever she pleased—a condition of mobility not present in the Quest family.

Never Around the Old Retainer

It was the more-than-casual server services of women of the agencies who seemed to get the most fun out of life. They collected recollections of employer families almost the way Don Juan collected affairs of the heart. Between jobs they loved to sit around, talking with other agency girls, drinking black coffee and decorating the strange doings of the families they had worked for.

They had precious little sympathy for Mrs. Quest's attempts to make them into the Family Retainer who would one day be the Old Retainer. Some of the young women had loved the families where they had worked and had been loved in turn. But love or no, they had never stayed. There was always some good reason to go. Democracy and domestic service sometimes clashed.

It wasn't a question of paying them fairly and treating them with consideration, as Mrs. Quest had learned. They had moved on with the changing world. Today, the Quest life suits them and some of them—happily—can achieve it. And the good life consists of something more interesting than supervising the feats of two-month-old Anthony Quest.

NIGHTFALL

You, and the cause of you making me turn,
The night's heavy silence between us.
Twilight like a beast on the prowl,
Its paws
On the hills in the stillness. The
light going out
Of the day. Nothing left but gray
shredded cloud
In a cease—dead sky. So what am
I doing here,
Catching at shadows that catch at
my limbs?

I stand inside the shuttered day,
Held still and taut in the interim
stillness,
And as night seeps through
closing the city
And the flowers day and silence
mutely speaks,
I begin, almost, to think God
calls me to.

And only a breath stands between
speaking,
Myself crucified to a lone cross
calling!
In the unresisted silence of a dark
body.

QUENTIN MARTIN.

Opal

Opal. It was her experience with Opal that made Mrs.

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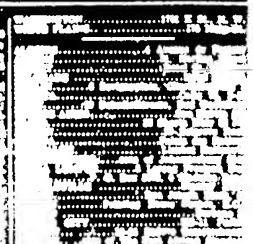

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